

UNDAE BRADING

SUNDAY READING
TO GOD.
 FROM THE DOCTRINE OF BELLAMY.
Translated by Dr. Bowring.
 For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
 While, by ten thousand worlds extended,
 No-soldier, thou art worshipped, and the world

Through heaven's immeasurable ring :
I tremble 'neath the blazing throne
Thy light eternal bath upon,—
Thy throne, as Thine, all radiant,—bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity !
Yet—terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not Thee.

O, what a mortal man, that he
May bear thy heavenly temple ringing
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing

And echo back the melody ?
My soul is wandering from its place ;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space
Where thousand suns are roll'd through heaven,
Suns waked by thee from chaos' sleep ;
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

There comes a moment ere Thy plan
Foul'd out Time's streamer of mortal glory ;
Ere Thy high wisdom track'd the story
Of all the years since Time began :-

Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mill,
And making misery—discipline :
The bitter waters of affliction
Dwelling into dews of peace,
And hiding heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

Then did Time omnipotent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Tink through the mazy maze of being
Went my obscurest destiny.

I in those wordless plans, though vast

Unborn, had mine own portion set :
And Thou hast mark'd my path, though lowly :
E'en to my weakness Thou dost give
Thy Spirit,—I thou—so high—so help ;
And I—Thy creature—live.

So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro kindly hast me—
'Mid life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way :
And O ! what bliss it is to be,—

Though but an atom,—born'd by Thee :—
By Thee, who in Thy mercy pour'st
Rivers of grace,—to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard-seed.

Up, then, my spirit ! afar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather :—
Up to the high, eternal Father ;
For thou wert fashion'd by His love.
Up to the heavens ! away ! away !
No !—Bend thee down to dust and clay :

Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee ;
Thou canst not bear the awful blame.
No ! would'st thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty ;—every feature
That's spread upon the face of Nature,
Is brighten'd with his holy glow :
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley—silent all,
The mountain peaks the regions above,

The woodland's rustling leaves,
The woodland's wandering melody,—
All—all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator! speaks of Thee.

But, if Thy works through sea and land
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are bleeding:
Men is the glory of thy line!
Man—model'd in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing

His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a nobler daim —
'Tis thus immortal souls should
O, wadom! O, unbounded might!
I lose me in the light Eiyas;
Mine eyes is dimm'd, and dark my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of Thy high wadom bear away
My thought to Thine abode sublime:
But hush! what dreadful moments run

To the proud temple where Thou alimst
The threshold of the skies !
Enough, if I a shimmering hymn,
My God ! to Thee may sing—unworthy
Of those sweet strains pour'd out before Thee
By heavenly hosts of cherubim :
Despise me not,—one spark confer
Worthy of Thine own worshipper ;
And better songs, and worthier praise,
Shall hallow Thee, when 'midst the strain

DREAD OF BEING SINGULAR.

There is nothing that goes to the heart of young man like "the world's dread laugh;" the idea of standing alone; or of being charged with superstitious scruples of conscience; and this is a principle of which the abettors of vice are always sure to avoid themselves, in regard to those who are inexperienced. When a young man, whose mind has been stored with good sentiments through the influence of education, fa-

to their company, it is wonderful to observe how their invention is quickened for devising means for his destruction. They take care to display to him all the mysteries of iniquity and vice, lest it should produce a shock which should drive him from their society. At first, perhaps, he discovers in them nothing more than an excessive cheerfulness; and so far, he thinks they may be imitated without much danger. He is not long before he must take another step, and if he hesitates and falters now, he sees on one side a reproachful frown; and on the other a contented smile: one perhaps charges

with unmanly superstition; and another with the want of independence; or it may be, the whole eternity of them set up one general shout of ridicule. At such a moment, I look upon every young man as suspended between life and death and as the experiment which is now going forward may result, I expect his eternal destiny will be decided.—*Sprague's Lectures.*

MOMENT—FROM CAMERON.

My son, be thou thy simple plan;
 Revere God, and love thy brother man;

Forget not in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow somewhere, come what may!
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

RELIGION.—Bright as the morning star in
radiance of the sunbeams, cometh the seraph
immortality.

Beligion, the child of heaven, wears an sun-

...and, distinguished by all the graces of
divine original. Elevated and aspiring, yet
winning and attractive; benevolent, gracious,
teous and condescending; her features form
to complacency; her voice attuned to harmo-
ny, her eyes shining with benignity, and all her ac-
tions, though composed and steady, are
graceful and unassuming. Religion erects
virtues a temple sacred to immortality. The
good man dreads not death nor desolation.
He is raised to heaven, and called to glory, he soars
above this dim spot man calls earth, and is
in the incomprehensible progressions of eter-

that opens to his prospect. Religion is a div-
 rigor in the soul, triumphing over the darkness
 of nature, and teaching us to acquiesce in
 allotments of Providence. It is the image
 God stamped upon human nature, refining
 baseness, enriching its poverty, healing its
 diseases, and converting its very wants and sor-
 rows into abundance, happiness, and glory. With
 this divine treasure, man is poor indeed! Am-
 biguous, how needy! amidst titles and hon-
 ours how ignoble and vain! in a palace how mis-
 erable! how contemptible on a throne!

True religion is the source of happiness.

support of society, and the dying man's consolation. It is the guide of youth, and the stay of age. It is the fairest flower that opens on earth, the sweetest incense that ascends to the sky.



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